

THE WOMAN OF FASHION

BEWILDERING COMBINATIONS IN THE SPRING BONNET.

It is Big and Small as One Elects—Lace Its Peculiar Charm—What One Trims It With—A New Bon, etc.

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Heaven defend us! for our "bunnets" no longer do. "Then sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night," was all right when brims of straw interposed



their kindly shade. But now that straw has given place to broad meshes of lace, the sun may ardently shine into our eyes, and the moon shower upon us all her silver beams, woe no one to say them nay. So look well to your complexions, pretty maids! Have a care, lest that lacey brim, enticing and bewitching as it certainly is, work havoc among the clear tints you have labored this Lent long to secure. But the true coquette discovers possibilities in the new brim of lace that the closer straw never afforded.

What wonderful power lurks among the meshes! An upward glance given through one of these dainty brims, would be so mystical and undefined that a fond lover could read almost anything in it. Even angry looks would grow captivating if half-veiled by creamy lace; and a smile would be divided into innumerable little sections, each one adorable, and each enhanced by a bit of a sparkle.

The Easter hat will be primarily a thing of lace. Not necessarily thread lace, oh, no! The straw laces are just as pretty and almost as delicate, with their fine weavings and pretty colors. The spring hat, secondly, is a thing of one's own choosing. There is no law, either for shape or trimming, and caprice has its full sway. So long as there is nothing substantial about your hat, you may be sure that it cannot be objectionable, provided, of course, it is becoming. The lace is not particular where it is found, once it composes the brim. One finds it in the crown, in the soft rolls of trimming, in spreading butterfly wings, in full brim ruffles. Where one uses the straw lace for the brim there is but little difficulty wired. Or the simple lace edge may be run with finest wire. One lace hat that I saw was ingeniously stiffened by a narrow thread of straw that was put on the lower edge in close points.

Has the spring hat any other individualities? It shows an utter lack of simplicity, oddness in the way the plume is fastened, rich pearl embroideries between fine lace stripes; flowers in great profusion, or in eccentric shade. The crowns are getting more aggressive. Many of them stand up straight and round. For instance, folds of black moire rise, stove-pipe fashion, about a minute crown, that falls shrinkingly inside. These straight rims are often made of straw, and inside there may be a flat crown of gauze or lace. On the other hand, there may be no crown at all. One small green hat that I saw puzzled me not a little. A sharp point of straw stood out in front, one stretched out in a small wing at each side, and two stood well apart at the back. On each point rested a small bunch of violets; and back of the front point stretched a beautiful full bow of lovely blue. Now, would you say this hat had no crown, or no brim?

But let me describe some of the newest shapes. A lovely pink, a shade between old rose and shrimp, has one of those circular pieces of the straw standing about a very small crown, that shrinks inward at the very centre. The brim commences with a narrow stripe of the pink straw, and then is widened out by a flare of gulfure. At each side stand two black plumes, rising from heavy jet ornaments. One plume bends coyly away from its mate.

A bird's egg blue was the dearest thing in all the world. Its crown is made of open jet lines, and at the top is set in a circular piece of the dainty blue straw. The brim is lace, and a roll of blue velvet conceals its junction with the crown. Around the entire front stand heavy black plumes, curving beautifully.

A delicate golden brown crown has a lace brim that is straw-edged. A lace flare in front is caught with a curving gold buckle, from which rise a full bunch of aigrettes. Back of all this is a puffing of violet chiffon.

The all black lace hat is very popular. The lace is generally of a very fine, sheer quality, and is trimmed with lace wings, jet and spangles. Jet is a great feature of all the hats, as it will be of gowns and coats also. Spangled edges brighten the black hat considerably.

A pale yellow chip had a narrower edge than usual, made of black lace that was run with fine points of straw, in its natural color. The brim was in wide crinkles, and had a straw edge. On the lower edge of it, yellow roses nestled between each curve; above, bunches of violets were placed about the crown. Black plumes and yellow aigrettes were the trimming.

But I did see one hat that hadn't a bit

of lace on it. Out of an accordion pleated brim rose a tiny straw colored crown, around which grew small lavender flowers. A large purple bow that stood up in front was caught down with the round-buckle that we see on so many of the hats. It was an elaborate one, with its lines all set in brilliants.

Another that showed more than one kind of straw was very tiny, had straw and black jet ornaments.

A big brown had its edge interspersed with narrow bands of rich pearl embroideries, in green, gold, and old rose shades.

A white lace hat, very large, had its crown protected by a fluted ruche of green straw that stood about it. The front of the hat was a mass of roses; starting with small, delicate rosebuds, they opened out into larger and larger blossoms, as the pyramid reared itself, ending in a single queenly rose. Two heavy jet pins, with oval heads, stood between the pink.

There is a new bon that is pretty, easily made, and most appropriate for the days when it is warm enough to shed the coat. Three bias bands of black moire or satin are fastened together, the whole making a width of three or four inches. This scarf is caught tightly when it reaches the bust in front, and a bow of loops only fastened at each side. From there the folds fall loosely apart, godet fashion. Beneath the bow, a ruffle of lace with a pretty spangled or jotted design, is gathered. The scarf is cut off at the waist-line, and edged with another flounce of the lace. This makes a pretty evening scarf as well, in the light shades.

I have sketched for this letter a particularly simple and sensible spring gown. You will see that a slight overskirt effect is given by the narrow band which shows beneath. The overskirt is edged with a



narrow band of satin or moire, to more strongly define its nature. The basque has but a small hip ruffle; and the very full godets over the shoulders are finished by graceful revers. The inner vest is of soft silk, with the bow of the same material. It is by no means extreme, and yet it is very much en vogue.

EVA A. SCHUBERT.

Among the ancients, condiments to stimulate the sluggish appetite seemed to be in chief demand. Amongst these, asfœtida—which is to-day highly relished in Persia and the East—was an indispensable ingredient; and it is even now used moderately by cooks in Europe, to give flavors to some meats and dishes.

Max O'Rell says he has found only two nations where women are the leaders—France and America. In America, from the age of eighteen, a girl is allowed almost every liberty—she takes the rest. In France the women are not frivolous, he maintains, as is commonly supposed. They have a knowledge of their husband's business and a voice in the management of his affairs.

The man who was said to be the original of Charles Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge" lately died in Chatham, Eng. His name was Walter de Brissac, and he was a packman by profession. He was educated far in advance of his class, and was a clever talker. Dickens, while living at Gad's Hill, often strolled into Chatham and held many conversations with the man. One of the things that made De Brissac conspicuous was that he was always dressed in the costume of the Georgian period.

It is well known that the Czar of Russia is a man of enormous strength. Many stories are told of him, the latest of which is that he and his wife, while on a return journey to St. Petersburg, a short time ago, stopped at a small station for luncheon. The daughter of the Mayor of the village brought a bouquet of flowers to the Empress, but forgot to dry the stems. The Empress, not wishing to soil her gloves, hesitated a moment about taking the flowers. The Czar, seeing a heavy pewter plate on the table picked it up, twisted it into a holder, placed the bouquet in it, and handed it to his wife.

HITHER AND YONDER.

SMALL TALK REGARDING PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Did They Meet Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew—Calve's Photographs in General Demand—Generalities.

Much curiosity has been expressed as to whether the Vanderbilt party met Mrs. James Brown Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew on their recent trip through India, and, if so, whether they established social relations with the actress and actor. This curiosity was based on the well-remembered facts that Mrs. "Willie K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Potter were quite intimate during the years when the latter was in the heyday of her social career here. It was Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt who invariably headed the list of lady managers of patrons of the many amateur entertainments which Mrs. Potter was constantly organizing, they were frequent visitors at each other's homes and called each other by their first names. After Mrs. Potter took the decisive step of going on the stage Mrs. Vanderbilt still kept up the friendship for a time and attended Mrs. Potter's first performances. The intimacy was, however, not continued, and the meeting in India, whether or not it resulted in a renewal of the old friendship, must have been slightly em-

graphs, and in fact hundreds of queer fancies, for individual tastes lie in different directions, and the world of women is ever growing larger.

The many society people that collect photographs of actresses and beauties, either as a fad or for the adornment of their parlors and boudoirs, have been purchasing quantities of Calve's photographs of late, and the sale of the photographs of the popular prima donna has far exceeded that of any other favorite in number. An old collector of photographs of celebrities in this city is very fond of pointing out in his collection the different waves of popular interest in this or that celebrity which have prevailed during recent years. First came the Maud Branscomb craze, and this was followed in turn by the Langtry, Potter, Clayton, Lillian Russell, Theo and Carmencita crazes, until now the Calve craze seems to be more widespread than any of its predecessors.

The name of "Boniface," as applied to hotel-keepers, is derived from a devout and hospitable man whom Saint Augustine created a saint. Subsequently he became the patron saint of Germany, and it was in that country, according to some writers, that hotel or tavern keepers, as well as those among private citizens, who were hospitable, and who at times kept "open house," as the saying is, were dubbed Bonifaces.

The term "namby pamby," which has come to be applied to a person of vacillating character, as well as to weak literary productions, was originated by the poet Pope. He applied it to some puerile verses that had been written by an obscure poet—one Ambrose Phillips—addressed to the children of a peer. The first half of the term is meant as a baby way of pronouncing Amby, a pet nickname for Ambrose, and the second half is simply a jingling word to fit it.

One of the most interesting relics of Old London is St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, which, because it does not happen to lie in one of the main arteries of the big city, is not so well known, even to Londoners as it should be. It is the only remaining portion of the important Priory of St. John, which dates from the fourteenth century. The old gateway has a literary interest attached to it, for in the room above the archway Dr. Johnson worked for Calve the printer for a small weekly stipend; and the Gentlemen's Magazine, which to this day bears a picture of the archway on its cover, was first printed here. The archway had latterly become much defaced and weather-worn, but it has recently been restored as a memorial to the late Duke of Clarence, who was first Sub-prior of the Order of St. John. The order as now revived embraces the St. John Ambulance Association, and is busy in other good works.

How few who now pet and fondle the pug-dog know that at one time popular prejudice threatened his extinction! A century ago the English pug was popular as he is to-day—fondled, petted, and cared for tenderly as a child. Then he became unfashionable and retreated from public notice, finally disappeared completely, but in 1863 was again brought forward, sold for fabulous prices, and now is one of the most popular pets. The pug has no particular characteristic and is not specially bright, though he can be taught to perform many entertaining tricks, which perhaps accounts for his popularity with the fair sex.

Queen Victoria always has an enormous selection of Christmas cards sent to her as early as the first of November, chooses all she wants, usually several hundred, and arranges, with her own hands, which one is to go to such and such a person. All the old retainers at Balmoral receive them, with a few words written by the Queen—possibly a text from the Bible—and a valuable addition by way of a present, such as material for a dress, a new cloak, or a down quilt.

The half penny post card was not used in England till 1879, the year which saw also the reduction of the penny postage on newspapers to a half penny. But in the year before that an Austrian named Dr. Emanuel Herman, who is still alive, invented the post card, and it was introduced in Austria Hungary. In 1873, it spread to Germany and was adopted in 1880, by the International Postal Union. In Austria alone 100,000,000 cards are now used annually, the English post offices pass upward of 25,000,000, and the total for the whole world is no less than a milliard (1,000,000,000).

The late Dean of Ely, Charles Merivale, speaking at a great festival some years ago, said: "God has set the world on two pillars, money and matrimony, and on the right use of money and the right relation of the sexes depends everything."

The story is told of Robespierre that, at one time, when at the height of his power, a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away, she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her, exclaiming, "Madame, have you no humanity?"

In the courts of Venice, when a prisoner is about to be condemned to death, a tall and ghostly individual, dressed in a long black gown, walks majestically to the center of the court room, bows solemnly to the judges and in a cavernous voice pronounces the words: "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and stalks away. About 200 years ago a baker was executed in Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was established the judges who condemned him gave a sum of money to the city, the interest on which was to be devoted to the setting up and perpetual burning of a lamp known as the "Lamp of Expiation" in the Palace of the Doges.